How much nobler would it have been had he put party feelings in his pocket and gone himself to a *fete* given to celebrate the recovery of a parent!

London, May $th.

A great gala was given last week by Brookes' Club to a crowd of everything fashionable and handsome In London. The opera-house was too small for the company. The boxes were hung with blue, buff and silver. The floor extremely dirty, but the *coup-d'ceil* fine. People of both sides of the question were there. After waiting two hours, without music or anything going on, Mrs. Siddons, ridiculously dressed as Britannia in red and blue, with a green helmet, shield and lance, declaimed a pitiful ode on the occasion, addressed to the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, who stood before her in coats of mail. Lord Townshend, on being asked what he thought of the Prince's rich suit, said, "it was probably the coat belonging to his father's strait-waistcoat."

The Prince gives a *fete* to the *"Je ne*

sais *quoi"*
club; Boodle's another, and Luzerne another. The *fêtes* of the latter are sumptuous and worthy of the